

The Missionary Helper.

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FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

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No. 2

In the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.—*King Henry V.*

THE enthusiasm, vigor, and gladness of youth were the inspiration of poets even before the time of Shakespeare, but there was never an age when such enthusiasm was so warm with the love of others as now, or when the "exploits" and "mighty enterprises" were of so unselfish a character. It is beautiful for some young people to be glad to carry the Christ-love and salvation to the sad, dark places of earth—either in home or foreign lands, and it is beautiful for many other young people to be glad to make it possible for them to go. Two of our young missionaries, husband and wife, said before sailing, "Don't pity us, we love to go"; another, a young woman, declared that nothing could make her so happy. This does not alter the fact that they leave much that is dear behind, to encounter much that is hard and well-nigh heart-breaking, by which the first ardor and faith may be sorely tested. God does not fail them, however, and neither should the friends at home, through whom, in a large measure, he carries out his purposes for the world. To be in partnership with God is a blessed privilege.

We love to read of the work of Rev. and Mrs. Wyman at Santipore; of the children's missionary, Miss Emilie Barnes, now at Bhudruck; of the kindergarten missionary of Balasore, Miss Beebee Phillips, who is especially beloved of Rhode Island young people; of Miss Lizzie Moody, so cheerily and faithfully at work in the West; and of Miss Shirley Smith of Hillsdale, Mich., who is fitting herself to be a medical missionary, already accepted by the Woman's Missionary Society, and of whom *HELPER* readers will know more by and by. All of these are putting young life and heart into their service, and surrounding them are groups of eager, forceful young people, working with a will to make their service more effective. Sketches of Miss Barnes and Miss Beebee have appeared in this magazine, others will follow from time to time. This month we are glad to give

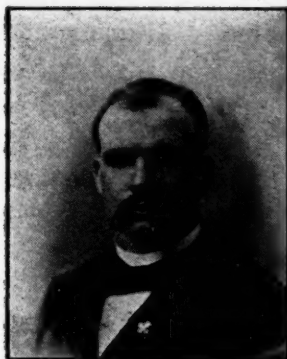
the large number of young people who have special interest in that little Santipore station and all that concerns it a glimpse of its workers, work, and surroundings. We hope that the sand-map and this number of the HELPER will be widely utilized, and that you will write the editor how you adapted it to your needs, giving suggestions for improvements. We wish all of our young people, on both sides of the sea, a very happy new year !

With those who are young in years, we naturally associate the rare people who are always young in spirit ; within whom youth, like the "kingdom of heaven," is immortal. These are they who have filled their lives with kindly thoughts and deeds, who have never lost interest in "other folks," in humanity, in world-wide activities, in the march of events ; and who, pre-eminently, have kept in touch with divine life through the avenues of prayer. This is largely the secret of newness of life and freshness of spirit, and if it means so much to the individual, how much it might mean to the world ! If workers prayed unitedly as eagerly, persistently, and passionately for the salvation of the world, as each prays for the fulfilment of personal desire, however worthy ; or, under the stress of sorrow, calls for deliverance from personal loss—the very gates of heaven would open and pour out a blessing. No Christian doubts this, yet how few are the prayers, or how half-hearted, in the majority of prayer meetings, for instance, for anything outside of local church work.

It is an inspiration to know that in this month of February the woman's missionary societies of the various denominations are to observe together a day of "humiliation and prayer." Where the auxiliaries carry out the program of "Prayer and Thanksgiving" as suggested for this month, they will at that time remember the world-wide needs, but where there is no auxiliary, it is hoped the women will observe the last Thursday in February for this purpose. . . . The study of our several foreign mission stations is no longer handicapped by lack of material. With the sand-map object lesson, HELPER articles, letters and photographs from the field, and the recent illustrated books by our own workers, we can have no excuse for not knowing. "Midnapore" is now being worked up for a future HELPER. . . . Junior workers will note that the "Aids and Constitution for Junior Mission Societies" voted upon at annual meeting can now be obtained, without expense, of Mrs. C. E. Schwarz, 492 Pine St., Providence, R. I. . . . We are pleased to call attention to the "Missionary Game, with Missionaries on Foreign Fields," prepared by Carrie B. Chapman, Montclair, N. J. (price 25 cts.) . . . A New Brunswick reader writes, "I esteem the MISSIONARY HELPER very highly indeed, it has now become 'one of the family.' May the new year just entered upon be the most successful in its history." We heartily echo the wish, applying it also to the work of our friends across the border.

A SABBATH IN SANTIPORE.

BY REV. HERBERT E. WYMAN.



REV. H. E. WYMAN.

THE church bell does not ring for the early Sunday morning services, owing to the fact that its tongue has fallen out, and it is awaiting the attention of the "jack at all trades," i. e., the missionary. Instead of ringing the bell at 7.30, our janitor takes an Indian gong (a thin disk of brass), and pounds on it with a stick or a stone, and produces ear-piercing sounds that reach to the outskirts of the village on every side. At eight o'clock the summons is repeated, and, true to human nature, the people begin to get ready to come to church, and come in just in time to be fashionably late.

When the low-eaved church has time to become comfortably full, the services begin. First there is singing in either the Bengali or Oriya tunes or languages, for both are sung by the people of the village, but both are equally strange to the ear of an American. After the singing, which usually occupies some ten minutes, there is a prayer by the pastor, and he is usually followed in prayer by several of the brethren of the church. Then comes the reading of the Scripture and the sermon.

It would all be very strange to you, our Sunday service in India, yet, though you might not be able to join in the hymn of praise or understand a word of the sermon, to say nothing of its teaching, you would feel at home in the midst of the congregation, for the Lord fulfils his promise to be present, and manifests himself in the earnest efforts of the pastor and the earnest faces of the saints among the members. As for the church, once you have entered its humble door, its bamboo rafters and large crossbeams would somehow remind you of the Temple at Ocean Park. While the older people are assembled in the church, the children gather in the schoolhouse across the road. Under the supervision of Miss Phillips, Mrs. Wyman, and several teachers from the women of the village, the children are studying Old Testament history as it is pictured in that excellent little book, "Line upon Line." Usually there are from fifty to sixty children present, and they range in size from the border of young manhood and womanhood, in their neat clothing, to the little urchins who had rather crawl than walk and who detest clothing in its every form. What a wriggling, squirming mass they are, and what tact it requires to know just when petting or spanking will do the most good. It is enough to say that we have all the approved and motherly methods of dealing with such subjects.

At three o'clock in the afternoon comes the Sunday-school. It is divided into two sections, Miss Phillips being superintendent of the advanced division, and the care of the children falling to Mrs. Wyman. Our united school numbers one hundred and twenty-four, and furnishes us with plenty of material for molding character. Perhaps I should say "hewing" rather than "molding," for there are so many bad influences to work against, that work with the young people requires great care and patience, and the results come but slowly. My class of twenty-three young men has been of slow growth, and is not to be depended upon for a full number every Sunday, but the interest in the class does seem to be a growing one.

At seven in the evening we have meetings for the young people. The young men meet at the church, and the young ladies and girls in Miss Phillips's rooms. The young men's society of Christian Endeavor numbers thirty, and includes the greater portion of my Sunday-school class. The young men are variable in their moods, and sometimes lose interest in these meetings, only to take up the work with new vigor when I have about lost all hope in regard to them. Few of our young men possess much stability of character. Their purposes are good, and they try to do right, but do not have that strength of character that insures steady progress in the attainment of all the Christian virtues. When we consider the pit from whence they were digged we can hardly wonder at this fact. Our preaching, teaching, and work among the young people are conducted much on the same lines as the work with you, only the teaching and work has to be adapted to a people called out from and living in the midst of a lying, adulterous, and idolatrous mass of heathens. Pray for us that these Sabbath days may be the means of spiritual growth to our Christian people and aid in the salvation of the heathen about us.

LIST OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

[Helpful in auxiliary and Junior work, with or without the sand-map.]

Balasore.—Mission house, known as the "Griffin house," Mrs. Phillips's house, church, high school, Sinclair Girls' Orphanage.

Jellasore.—Mission House, Miss Crawford's grave, Chapel.

Santipore.—Church, mission house, group of Santals and Christians.

Midnapore.—Dr. Phillips's house, Dr. Bachelor's house, church, village schoolhouse, where Bible school holds its sessions.

There are also groups of the missionaries each year from 1888 to 1892, groups of Bible women, native preachers, etc. Size of photo, four and one-half by six and one-half inches, mounted on heavy gilt-edged card. Price 20 cts. each, or six for \$1.

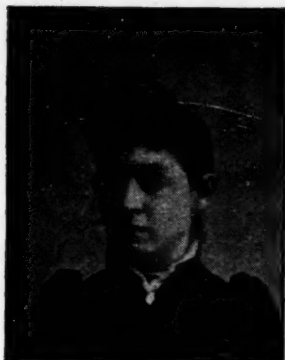
Address

Rev. Z. F. Griffin,

Elmira Heights, N. Y.

A WEEK-DAY IN SANTIPORE.

BY MRS. WYMAN.



MRS. WYMAN.

IN going out in the village to make some calls, after passing our gate and on our left is the school-house. It has a low thatched roof and smooth clean floors. To go to the village we turn to the right and pass the church which is just opposite the schoolhouse. Just a few steps further on we come to our neighbors. Here is a long straight street before us with houses on both sides. In one house we find several women gathered, talking over the price of rice and vegetables and indulging in bits of village gossip. After having a little chat with them, we pass on to about the middle of the

village to the well where the girls of the village have come for the mornings supply of water. The water is drawn up from the well by means of a rope fastened to the earthen waterpot. After the vessel is filled it is carried away on the hip. Our next stopping-place is Tulsie's house, where we find father and mother and three small children planting corn near the door. Tulsie is a very pretty woman with a bright face, but sometimes she scolds so very loud that we can hear her from our house, and for this she has been fined by the village court several times. Our call here finished, we go to the house of our washerman. There we find him sitting on the ground, washing clothes in low earthen vessels. Strange to say, the clothes look very well after receiving his attentions, but often they come home minus the buttons. The street we have passed through is just wide enough for two carriages to pass, and is kept neat and clean. There are fences of the branches of the thorny bamboo on either side. The house lots are fifty feet wide, as they face the street, and a hundred and fifty feet deep. The houses usually have three rooms, one for the family, one for cooking and storing rice and other articles of food, and the other for the cows, bullocks, goats, and hens. One roof covers the whole family.

Leaving this part of the village, we cross two other streets similar to the one in which we came. On the third street we come to the Santal part of the village. They are not Christians, but have lived in the edge of our village ever since it was begun by Mr. Phillips. Here we find the houses still smaller, with many children, of a little darker shade than those of the other part of the village, running about. There are a great many dogs, with here and there a stray black pig. The Santals are a hard working people, but they spend much of their earnings for

drink. These people are very sweet singers, and we often hear them singing as they go home from their work.

From here we will go half a mile directly south from our house on the road to Jellasore to the marketplace. This is near a small river with a number of trees about it making a nice grove. Beneath the trees are little stalls to keep off the rain and heat of the sun from those who come to sell their goods on the market days. The market is well attended, and often there are from five to eight hundred people present. Here they buy rice, oil, vegetables, salt, cloth, and the other simple necessities of life. Trading goes on with a surprising vigor and enthusiasm, and the tumult is heard even as far as our house, but only as a subdued murmur, for which we are thankful, for the din near the market is something fearful to American ears. Having given you this little glimpse of our surroundings, I will close my letter, giving all a cordial invitation to come and see for themselves.

PROGRAM OF SANTIPORE SAND-MAP EXERCISE.

BY MRS. C. EDITH CHASE.

OPENING exercises.

Trip to India and visit to Santipore.

Brief history of Santipore (see "Notes" and introduction to "From the Field.")

Description of missionary houses: church, bungalow, schoolhouse, native preacher's house.

A week-day in Santipore.

A Sabbath in Santipore.

Children's services (see Junior Department).

Read letter from little native girl.

Brief histories of Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Wyman (see *Morning Star*, March 5, '96, page 10).

Sketch of Dr. Nellie Phillips (see "Missionary Reminiscences," pages 329, 331, 332).

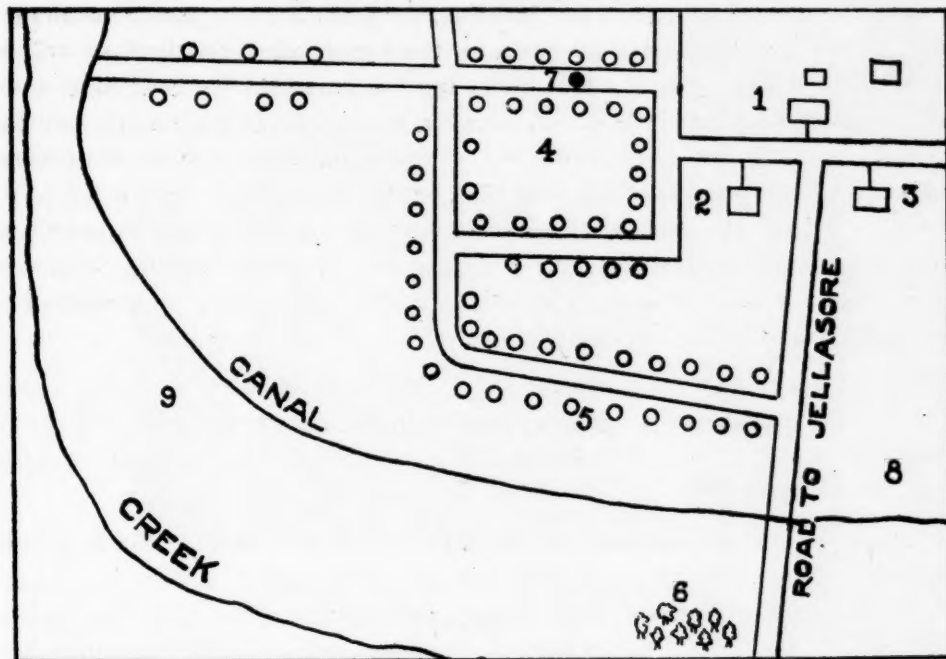
Closing exercises.

NOTES ON SAND-MAP.

USE the sand-map described in the July HELPER, 1896. For the creek and canal use pale blue yarn. Make a very large copy of the diagram on the black-board or manilla paper. Santipore, "city of peace," is about thirty-five miles from Balasore and seven miles from Jellasore. Rev. Jeremiah Phillips procured about two hundred acres of land, mostly jungle. There was a small Santal village in the lot and several larger ones near it. Father Phillips pitched his tent here for three months, preaching in adjacent villages and looking after the work. Jungles were cleared, the village laid out with streets straight and wide, and rules were made for governing future residents. All idolatrous practices were abol-

ished. The founding of this Christian settlement cost Father Phillips much care. (See "Missionary Reminiscences" and "India Report").—C. E. C.

DIAGRAM OF SANTIPORE.



1. Mission house.
2. Church.
3. Schoolhouse.
4. Christian village.
5. Santal village.

6. Market and grove.
7. Well.
8. Rice fields.
9. Rice fields.
- - - Mrs. Wyman's trip.

SOME HOUSES AT SANTIPORE.

Church.—The walls are built of brick, plastered and whitewashed inside and out. Bro. Wyman writes, as he sits on the veranda of his bungalow :

"Right in front of me is a picture that I know that you would all like to see. It is our church. Perhaps the old Quaker word, "meeting-house," would apply better, in this case, for it looks like no church I ever saw before. The walls are about eight feet high, and the roof projects out over them until it comes so low to the ground that it knocks off my big sunhat every time I go under it. The building is about eighty feet long and forty wide. The roof is made of straw over a network of bamboo rafters. The roofing of straw is about a foot thick. Rafters, beams, and straw are visible.

"My wife has just come from the church, where she has been fixing up a room to entertain Mr. Ager, who is coming to make us a visit. We have no

'spare room,' and so have to put our company in the church. She found a fresh snakeskin inside the room, which one of the people says is only a day old, and used to belong to a cobra. We have a few of these bad neighbors.

"Well, to continue about the building, the pews are very strange affairs indeed. They have backs but no seats, for the people all sit on the floor or lean against the rail that is about a foot high from the ground. We have some good meetings in this strange little house, however, and we never once doubt but that this is a church, for the Lord meets with us to bless us; and, though the prayers and songs come from darker lips than ours, yet the true ring of piety is not to be mistaken, and the Holy Spirit shines out from those dark faces just as sweetly as it used to in the faces of the dear old saints of our prayer meeting at home. Dear young friends, rest assured that no prayer or gift of yours is permitted to lie unblest on His Indian altar."

Schoolhouse.—The schoolhouse looks like the church and is built of brick, plastered and whitewashed inside and out. Dr. Nellie Phillips's letter gives an account of the Sunday work done in the schoolhouse, with description of seats and other interesting facts.

Missionary Bungalow.—This was built by Father Phillips. It is a one-story house, with walls of brick, plastered and whitewashed. There is a broad veranda in front, with round brick pillars, and a thatched roof over the whole. Overhead, in the house, the ceiling is of cotton cloth to hide the rafters and thatch. Bro. Wyman speaks of "our queer little straw-roofed house."

Mrs. Jeremiah Phillips writes of her visit in 1853: "The bungalow contains a dining-room sixteen feet square, a sleeping room, and a small room at each end of the house with a bath-room attached to one, and a pantry to the other, and a nice wide veranda on each side."

The Native Preacher's House.—Charles Das, the native preacher, lives in a common mud-house. All of these little blocks or toothpicks on the sand-map represent houses like this one. (Exhibit picture of mud house in this magazine, or in "India," page 50.) The walls are made of mud worked by the feet and big hoes until it becomes mortar. When dried by the sun the walls are hard. Bamboo poles are put on for rafters and these extend about three feet over the walls. Across these rafters split bamboos are tied. Upon this the rice straw is laid smoothly and fastened to its place by another strip of split bamboo. The fastening is done by putting a long bamboo needle with string down through the straw, around the rafter, and up over the split bamboo, and tying securely. There is but one door, and a few small holes for windows. The mud veranda is the reception room for men who call. There are a few wooden bars put in the

windows, and a small door to keep out the cold air in winter and to keep in the smoke. The cooking is frequently done in one corner of the room, allowing the smoke to get out the best way it can.—*C. E. C.*



[Building a mud house, from "India," by courtesy of the author.]

THE USE OF THE SAND-MAP.

BY MRS. ETHEL H. ROBERTS.

IN this day when so much is being said of the importance of training the child mind through the eye, as well as the ear, and when kindergarten methods are being used to such good advantage even in Christian work, it seems hardly necessary to urge that we recognize the importance of the use of such methods in our missionary teaching. But, while we may realize this, it may also be necessary to have brought to our notice occasionally some of the helps that we have already at hand for the carrying out of these methods in interesting and instructing in missions.

One of the best of these helps is the sand-map, which is the subject of this article. In a large degree it furnishes the material for successfully imparting knowledge, and makes the study of all missionary work attractive. Let us notice also that it furnishes a great help to the study of our mission field.

Already material has been prepared for two of our India stations, Balasore and Santipore, for use with the sand-map. Other stations of the field are to be presented in the *HELPER* for the same use. In the July number of our rightly named *HELPER*, appeared very plain and complete directions for preparing the

sand-map, with also abundant helps for its use in the study of Balasore ; thus it is not the object of this short article to tell how to prepare and use the map, but to incite to practical use of the directions already given, and those that may follow on the different stations of our field, that all may derive the benefits offered. Junior superintendent, mission band leader, and others who want to make interesting to the children the study of our mission work, don't fail to use the sand-map ! With the children take an imaginary trip to Balasore, that very interesting station of our India field. You can make the journey very vivid as you trace it by use of map and globe from your own home to Boston or New York, across the Atlantic to Liverpool, then on to Balasore, following the course given in Miss Coombs's " Adventurous Voyage," in the April '96 HELPER.

Then with the sand-map spread out before you, a true representation, with its little white church, the white homes of the missionaries, the little native villages with here and there the tiny candles burning in those where the Christ-light has beamed into darkened hearts, and the black dolls and figures representing those dark people for whom we are praying and giving—O, how real it will all seem ! As you follow through the little streets, and learn of the missionaries, people, and buildings, that part of our India mission will be very much nearer to you than ever before. The sand-map helps to retain the things learned, and makes every item of interest and every need more of a reality.

With the eyes of the children fastened on the Jagannath road, with its prostrate figures, showing some dead or dying, some measuring their length as they go, and others erect, representing the toiling pilgrims, all on their way to worship the heathen god, it will help them to remember what they learn of this famous idol. How easy to impress the truth as we tell of this and other heathen gods, the cruel practices and hard lives of those who worship them ; and then, pointing to the little white church, emblem of truth and peace, tell of the difference its teachings bring to their darkened lives. Taught in this way while young, it will be hard for these children to ever be led to doubt the need of sending the gospel abroad, and they will be interested in missions. As you point out, on this Balasore sand-map, the Sinclair Girls' Orphanage and the Orphanage for boys, and describe them, it will be an added inspiration to those who are helping to support some child in one of these homes ; and as you tell of the children there and their needs, others will want to help in that good work.

In this way, by the use of the sand-map, every station of our field may be studied with interest and profit. Some have already used the material on those stations now prepared, and furnished by Mrs. Chase of Concord, N. H., or that on Balasore for use in Rhode Island ; but, while the owners of these will gladly loan the same, yet the writer would urge that every society have a map and

models of their own, for each station as prepared and presented through the HELPER, that they may be able to use the sand-map not once but often.

Watch the HELPER and letters from our mission field, and as items of interest appear have them presented from time to time, locating the place of the event or thing mentioned as far as possible on the sand-map. Lately we have read that by the time the Y. M. is again held in Balasore, a railroad will have been completed to that place. Mention this and show that in a large mango grove a little west of the Jagannath road, and south of the home of Mrs. Smith and in full view, is to be the station. As we learn more of the Widows' Home, which is to begin in Balasore, let us show that its location is to be in the same compound with the Girls' Orphanage. Every F. B. young person or child of Rhode Island will look with interest on the Balasore map as they place the model of the home of their own "Miss Beebee" while at her work there.

There are others beside the children who need to be instructed in regard to our India mission work. Not only the juniors and bands, but the young people's societies and our auxiliaries, can spend an occasional hour with profit, as well as pleasure, in the study of our different stations, by use of the sand-map. As we become more familiar with our missionaries and their work and location, the needs of the field will mean more to us, and India will be nearer.

Much of the lack of interest in missions which is manifest is clearly due to the lack of knowledge of the same. What is our duty, then, in this busy age when so few will or can take the time to look into these things which are so near to the heart of God, and which should be to the hearts of his children? Let us use every opportunity to bring before both the children and older ones that which will first attract their attention to these things, and then through both ear and eye seek to make the mind familiar with the work of God's kingdom both at home and abroad.

Pawtucket, R. I.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

ONE quarterly meeting W. M. S. is sending a copy of the HELPER to a representative woman in each church in the Q. M. where no copy of the magazine is taken, asking her to read it, pass it to others, and secure subscriptions.

We would be glad to hear from Q. M. and church agents, of plans that they find successful in securing subscriptions.

Now is the opportunity for the local agent to do her best work for the HELPER. We urge each agent to unusual faithfulness in securing renewal of subscriptions and new subscribers for 1897.

. Earnest, determined work just now on the part of all agents will go far toward securing the desired five thousand subscribers for 1897. Agents, we are looking to you for the success of our plans.

This issue of *HELPER* may be made especially useful by young people. Extra copies may be secured from the publisher for five cents each.

ELLA H. ANDREWS, *Publishing Agent*,
122 Vinton St., Providence, R. I.

POEM.

BY LILLIAN ADELE TOURTILLOTTE.

[Read at the annual meeting of the Maine W. M. S. at Bath, October, '96. The latter half of the poem will be of beautiful helpfulness in any missionary meeting.—EDITOR.]

The throbbing heart of the Atlantic tells
Its rhythmic message to the listening shore;
The waves receding sigh, "Farewell, farewell,"
Or with the rising tide sing "Hail!" once
more.

We hear the music and the melody—
The words are in a speech the human soul
May not interpret, though we listen long
To catch the meaning of the mystic roll.

So from our hearts there ever rising flows
A song that none can hear and understand;
Our words are commonplace, although our
thoughts

Pulse with a harmony sublime and grand;
And while to-day we voice our thanks to you
For this our welcome, words seem incom-
plete,
But our unuttered thoughts are like a wreath
Of lilies, lying at our Master's feet.

We come unto your city by the sea
To give and take from out that bounteous
store

That open to the laborers for God
Has ever been and will be evermore;
While every hand-clasp, every smile of cheer,
Uplifts our heart and makes the toilsome way
Grow brighter. That our feeble words may be
Of blessing also unto you, we pray.

For we must labor with an added zeal,
With more of love for sad humanity,
With less of self to weigh our actions down;
Daring to follow Christ to Calvary
If need be in the service; ah, so great,
So great the labor, and so few who bring
Clean hands, pure hearts, and swift and willing
feet
To tread the winepress of our Lord and King.

Each day, each hour, each moment brings its
work—

The word, the smile, the song, the tear, the
prayer;

There are no limits set, no boundaries given—
The field, the world; the work lies everywhere.
There is no act too small for God to heed,
No deed so great but by his help our hands
May well accomplish it, and praise his name.
In this grand work there are no foreign lands!

All lands are His who died for one and all;
Pagan and priest alike are his, and we
His servants must the labor hasten on
If counted with the faithful we would be.
And if the heart is his abiding-place,
How we shall love this service for mankind;
He stood beside the bedside of the sick,
Lifted the fallen, healed the lame and blind.

God grant that none of us may wander on,
Through amber airs, down rose-embowered
ways,

Listening the music of the waterfalls,
Drinking in perfume all our early days;
Then as old age creeps on, the pathway grows
More narrow; hope, ambition, all are fled,
Alone we stumble through the dark and mist,
The song-birds vanished; all the blossoms
dead;

Till, looking backward from the wilderness
O'er that rough pathway where our bleeding
feet

Have trod but serving self and sin alone,
We gaze upon a vision calm and sweet
Of our lost Eden, golden in the light
Of wasted opportunities, so far away
We may not reach it; while the falling shades
Herald the ending of our earthly day.



from the field.

Santipore.—"In 1852 Dr. Jeremiah Phillips founded the Christian settlement of Santipore (city of peace). Two hundred acres of land, mostly jungle, were secured on a durable lease with low rent. The tract was irrigated by means of a dam thrown across a stream on its western border. The place afforded a refuge from the oppressions of landholders and from persecution. Others beside Christians were permitted to settle there on condition of breaking caste and conforming to

the laws of the community. Besides rules of morality (idolatry was prohibited), the keeping of the Sabbath and attendance on religious services were enjoined." The contrast between the material, social, and moral conditions of this Christian community and surrounding heathenism was striking. The missionaries now at Santipore are Helen M. Phillips, M. D., and Rev. and Mrs. H. E. Wyman, beside the native pastor, preachers, Bible women, and teachers.

A YEARLY MEETING JOURNAL.

MIDNAPORE, Oct. 9.

DEAR FRIENDS: Shall I tell you about our yearly meeting that has just begun? I shall have to go back to "begin at the beginning." We didn't expect we could have it this year, for Bhimpore claimed it, but during the year they unexpectedly decided to build a new church, which their growing community demanded, and as the old one was broken down to give place to the new, and the new was but just begun, there was no place in which to hold the yearly meeting, and so it came to us.

Then the preparations for it included a trip to Calcutta, where attendance on the special meetings held during the annual Hindu festival supplied the quickened faith and zeal for our own coming meetings, and visits to the markets supplied "stores" for the needs of our invited guests.

"Dr. Nellie" and Mrs. Wyman from Santipore came a few days before the regular time for meeting, to make a little visit, but the latter came down with a sharp and stubborn attack of fever, and there were anxious days and nights, in which a messenger hurried out to Bhimpore, brought in Dr. Nellie, and a telegram to Mr. Wyman brought him from Santipore in the quickest time on record (in our annals).

In the midst of this anxiety we received news that Mrs. Smith was critically ill, and could not come to Y. M., and some one would stay with her.

The unexpected dismissal of one of the teachers of the high school made it necessary for either Mr. or Mrs. Hamlen to remain at home. The falling in of the chapel roof at Jellasure, which was under repairs, would make it necessary for Mr. Rae to remain and attend to that work, and his wife would share his burden. Miss Wile, too, was temporarily prostrate from an old injury, but hoped to come. All these messages following each other in quick succession seemed to indicate a much smaller attendance of the missionary force than had been expected, and the threatening famine, or at least scarcity and consequent high prices, seemed to make it probable that there would not be a large delegation of the native brethren. But things brightened, and the sick ones grew better, and delegates began to arrive some days before the actual date of beginning, and kept coming till we were delighted to find, when our congregation gathered, that the chapel would scarcely hold them.

Yesterday's sermon in the afternoon was by our good brother Sachi, from the text "Lord, teach us to pray," and led us to feel the necessity of being skilful in the use of this powerful lever. Mr. Wyman spoke in English in the evening on the theme, "Hindering God," and again proved us guilty, to some

extent at least, of the lack of success in our work. Many of our native brethren understand English, and a goodly number were present, but for those who could not, a meeting was held in a tent near by, conducted by one of the preachers.

To day there has been much of business, but one session was given to a Bible reading on the necessity of the filling of the Holy Spirit in order to do efficient work. This was conducted by Mr. Stiles, and so forcefully pressed home to our hearts that we felt to cry out for forgiveness that we had presumed to attempt work without being fully equipped, and to pray that an intense desire for this equipment might be created in all our hearts.

Tuesday, 9 P. M.—We have just had a snake episode! We had returned from the evening service, and Mr. Hamlen had gone to his tent, when, shortly after, I heard him call, and on inquiry learned he wanted somebody to come with some sort of a weapon, for a cobra was there. We turned out with lanterns and sticks, and Mr. Wyman with a big bamboo gave the fellow such a blow as to kill him at once. It was a large one and had been lying just in front of the tent door at the foot of a tree. Mr. Hamlen's attention was called to it by the cat. We do not propose to have him sleep in the tent any more.

The services to-day have been a children's meeting, which is held each morning, a Bible reading on the new birth, a report from all the churches in regard to self-support, a sermon on the second coming of Christ, and a temperance meeting this evening.

Perhaps it might better be called an anti-tobacco meeting, for that was the subject, and one very interesting feature of it was the relating of the experiences of several of our preachers who have left it off—their reasons for doing so, its effect upon them, etc. The use of tobacco is well-nigh universal among the people of this country—men, women, and children being addicted to its use in various ways—and the idea of its being harmful, not to say sinful, is unwelcome and hard to be accepted, but the ranks of the anti-tobacconists among our Christians are increasing. The report in regard to self-support, although not all we could wish, was encouraging. Much advance has been made during the year, and we hope next year's report will show much more.

Wednesday.—The children's meeting every morning is an important feature of the day. Forty or more children neatly dressed, and with hair smoothly combed, and faces bright and smiling, are an inspiring sight anywhere, but to see them here in contrast with the children running about the streets is an object lesson to strengthen the faith of all who are working for the coming generation.

These meetings are led by different lady missionaries, and each tries to impress some special lesson by the use of common things as illustrations. To-day

the meetings among the older ones have been a Bible reading on our sonship, a report of all the Sunday-schools in the mission, a woman's meeting conducted by Mrs. Burkholder in the afternoon while the preachers were being examined, and a sermon in the evening by the pastor of the Bhimpore church. We have a literary society connected with the Y. M., for the benefit of the missionaries, to which one evening is devoted during the session, and we all met at Mr. Hallam's this evening. The object of this society is to keep us up with the times, and not to allow ourselves to become stunted or one-sided, in the midst of so much that would tend to make us think on one line alone. Parts are assigned during the year which require attention to passing events as the months go by, either in the religious, scientific, or political world. Two of those to whom parts had been assigned could not be here, but others took their places and the evening was well and profitably filled.

Saturday evening.—There has been so much to attend to and look after that I could not find time to write every day. Thursday, the 12th, was young people's day, in charge of Mr. Stiles. The walls of the chapel were hung with various banners and mottoes, and the attendance was very good. There were delegates and reports from each society, and several speakers gave us helpful and uplifting thoughts on various topics, but the best of all was the consecration service in the evening, when nearly all the preachers, workers, and missionaries gathered about the pulpit and literally "got down before the Lord." It was a time of surrendering and yielding such as we had longed to see, and had prayed might come during the yearly meeting, and, though there were no "cloven tongues of fire" or the "sound of a rushing mighty wind," yet there was the evident presence of the same Spirit, and many gave testimony afterward that he had entered their hearts and taken possession. Yesterday and to-day have been given to Bible readings and meetings for the deepening of spiritual life, with as little business as possible.

Last evening we missionaries had our prayer meeting here at the bungalow, by ourselves, in our own language, led by Dr. McLaurin from Bangalore of the Telugu Mission—a veteran in the work and an old friend of Mr. Hallam's, visiting there just now for a few days. Our hearts were warm and glowing, and it was indeed a reminder of those precious times in the chapel at Ocean Park. To-night we have had a missionary meeting at the church, in which various ones told of the spread of the gospel in other dark lands by the devotion and self-denial of the converts in those lands, and how much faster it has spread when the people themselves supported their pastors and teachers. I hope these examples may be an incentive to our people and help them to see it can be done even in the midst of poverty. At the close of the meeting our pastor extended

the thanks of the church to the visiting brethren for the good received, and one of the visiting pastors thanked the church for their hospitality in entertaining them, and so the real session closed, though we still have another Sunday.

Mrs. Hamlen arrived Friday morning, so we are all here except Mrs. Smith, Miss Barnes, and Mr. and Mrs. Rae, but Mr. Hamlen is being afflicted with the mumps! One wonders how he has managed to escape them all these years, and wonders again why he should develop them thus inopportunately!

Sunday evening, 10 P. M. The meetings are all finished, and now will come the unpleasant part of saying "good-by" and scattering; but the good we have received can never be taken away, and we never need say good-by to the One who said, "I am with you always."

This has been a day full of good things. The time for Sabbath-school was filled with talks to the children and parents by men from the different stations, and at the last "Ma" Phillips cheered us all by drawing a contrast between the situation as she saw it fifty-six years ago, when she first came to the country, and what she sees now—places that were then only jungles, and the home of bears and tigers, now the home of large Christian communities with hundreds of church-members; in little villages, whose names even were not then known, now little growing churches established; and scattered here and there the ones and twos of those who have accepted Christ in the midst of their heathen neighbors. It was a rare privilege we had of listening to one nearing the end of her fourscore years, the mother of many missionaries, thanking the Lord that he had allowed her some share in bringing about these results and had let her live to see so much accomplished, and still more thankful that so many of her children would be carrying on the work when she should have joined those gone before. We could but remember the last words of her husband—our pioneer missionary—"India for Christ"; and that expression of her son—Dr. Phillips—so often on his lips "My dear India"; and cold indeed must have been any heart not stirred to greater faith and determination by memory of these heroes and the living presence and earnest words of this dear mother in Israel.

The afternoon sermon in Bengali was by Mr. Hallam, from the words, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength," and was particularly appropriate to our needs, as we scatter to our different churches or go out into the country for evangelistic work this cold season, in that it made us realize the folly and even sin of looking to any other source than our Father for all our needed supplies and victories.

This evening we listened to an excellent sermon in English by Dr. McLaurin, from the text, "What think ye of Christ?" He thrilled us with the portrayal of

what Christ has accomplished for us, and made us feel that he has a right to claim from us our glad subjection to his will and our utmost efforts to carry out his commands.

So I have kept a diary of this meeting towards which we had been looking so long, and for which we had been praying so earnestly, and in which we have been so blessed. You may have caught little glimpses of what we have enjoyed, but you cannot know the extent to which it has strengthened us. The little talks here and there with each other, the comparing of experiences and discovering so much in common, the individual prayer meetings, the social cheer when all gathered at the table, the attempts, successful and otherwise, to have something that will "taste like home"—all these you must imagine, but they have all been a part of this good yearly meeting of 1896.

LAVINA C. COOMBS.

TREASURER'S NOTES.

ONE of our "Emergency League" has anticipated our needs by sending \$10 to the treasury "as a member." From a "Floral Club" connected with an auxiliary has come \$10. I wish the club would tell us something about its work. The "Hill Home and Foreign Missionary Society" of Dover, N. H., contributes for the support of Julia Lett. It is named for our dear Mother Hills. The F. B. Young People's Society of Pittsfield, N. H., reported in the December receipts, is one of the oldest organizations of young people connected with the F. B. W. M. S. "The F. B. Young People's Union of Rhode Island" made its first quarterly remittance for Miss Beebee Phillips's salary in December. We welcome them most heartily as quarterly contributors to our treasury. In the past the young people of R. I. have made their remittances through the F. B. W. M. S. of R. I.

A few women remembered the society with Christmas gifts, one saying, "Here is a little Christmas present for the Woman's Missionary Society." We hear much at the present time about the fittingness of things. As Christmas time comes round it seems to me especially fitting that we should share our giving with those who have not the Christ whose birth the season celebrates.

The children of Sinclair Orphanage have had special attention during December. From far away Sioux Falls, South Dakota, comes "Suli's" quarterly support, and from Owego Q. M., Pa., "Ellie's" yearly support; the A. F. C. E's of Gonic, N. H., remember Alma Seavey; Farmington Q. M., Me., "Elio," and South Limington auxiliary, Callie Weeks; one is remembered in such a homey way by a lady who writes, "Inclosed find check for the support of my little girl in Sinclair Orphanage." Would that every little girl in the Orphanage could be surrounded by such an atmosphere. And still there are more

children in S. O. to be supported. Are there not those who would like to adopt them as "my little girl"? Twenty-five dollars a year will support one.

While writing these notes the cheering word comes that the auxiliary of Laconia, N. H., is reorganized, and officered by young women. Good! Who will be the next to report, either as a reorganized society or a new one?

February is the month of prayer for our work and our workers. Let us make the most of it as auxiliaries, and as churches where there are no auxiliaries. Every year deepens the conviction that we need more child-like dependence on the fatherly care of God, which voices itself in prayer. Of late I have been a good deal comforted by the recognition that this phase of our work is receiving. I have no question but that we have been carried thus far safely through these hard times by a practical application of our motto, "Faith and works win." With thanksgiving let us observe this call to prayer, praying for our workers and our work, and for our treasury; that God will still supply our need, not forgetting our General Conference work and its needs. Our work is one, and when one suffers the other suffers too. As we pray, let us remember that "the earth is full of the riches of the Lord," "And the Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask," "And whatsoever ye ask, believing, ye shall receive." Can we not believe that God wants our treasuries full and overflowing?

Would it not be well to have, at the February service of prayer, a supply of thank-offering boxes, asking each person present to take one and fill it for the thank-offering in May, where it will be opened? Any one can have these boxes, for one cent each, by sending to Mrs. Clara E. Schwarz, 492 Pine St., Providence, R. I. A liberal distribution of them will help in the work of the thank-offering.

How rapidly the quarters go by, reminding us that life is slipping rapidly away. I mean this present form of it. Before another *HELPER* reaches its subscribers the second quarter of this year will have passed. As I have said many times before, this is the hardest quarter of all the year, and this present one is very hard, and, unless auxiliaries and workers generally make a special effort that "Emergency League" will be drawn upon at its close—Feb. 28—for the first time. I make this frank statement so that our workers will not allow this to be done if possible. If an especial effort is made at once to collect quarterly dues, to collect funds by interested parties where there are no auxiliaries, and to collect money for Miss Barnes's salary, through children's junior departments, societies, and bands, and if individuals who have given personally in other years, but not this, will soon forward their contributions to the treasury—in short, if there is a strong pull all together, it may be avoided.

Remember the second quarter closes with Feb. 28. Pray and work, work and pray.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

MARCH.—SANTIPORE.*

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

(Have and explain a sand-map of this station, if possible. Use illustrations in this magazine. Valuable references are "Missionary Reminiscences," F. B. Cyclopædia, Annual India Report, "Daily Life in Bengal," and "In the Path of Light.")

Singing. Responsive reading. Prayer.

Scripture lesson, Eph. 2 : 19-22.

Early history of Santipore and the work of Rev. Jeremiah Phillips.

"Brother Phillips was the first to reduce the Santal language to writing, and their elementary books were prepared by him. For his work in behalf of the Santals he received the thanks of the British government."

Brief sketches of the lives of Rev. and Mrs. Wyman and Dr. Helen Phillips.

"A Week-day in Santipore," by Mrs. Wyman.

"A Sabbath in Santipore," by Rev. H. Wyman.

"Children's Work," by Dr. Helen Phillips.

"A Yearly Meeting Journal," by Lavina C. Coombs.

Special prayer for the work at Santipore and those who are carrying it on.

Closing song.

Sermons in Sentences.—The gate of heaven is not a toll-gate.

Childlike simplicity is God-like power.

One is not ready to live until he is ready to die.

God deals not with appearances, but realities.

To be a servant of God one must be an enemy of sin.

Those only live who love, all other life is mere existence.

Stronger power than love can never be exercised by man.

Distance does not lend enchantment to the view of the cross.

The same wind that brings a cloud will bear it away again.

The most agreeable thing some men ever do is to make their exit.

All knowledge is not power ; the knowledge of evil is a source of weakness.

* A series of studies of F. B. foreign mission stations will be given, from time to time, in this department. Midnapore and Bhimpore are in preparation. For Balasore, see July and August, 1896, HELPERS.

Practical Christian Living.

Practical Christian living is "to condense and crystallize into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."



THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to let thy Father do
What he will;
Just to know that he is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.

Just to leave in his dear hand
Little things,
All, we cannot understand,
All that stings!
Just to let him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let him bear
Changed to blessing.

This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best!
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of his promised rest.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

BABY'S OFFERING.

II.

"I say, she's a old mean kimmudeon!" said the boy, striking out with his left foot as if he wanted to kick something. "Don't you bet mother'd been 'shamed if she'd seen such a barrel as that sent to the heathen?"

"'Ess, I bet!" said Alee, loyally.

"There ain't a henstitch in the whole barrel," said Stephen. "Nor any 'broidery dresses. Nor bibs with red kitty-cats, and turkeys, and 'For a Good Boy' on 'em. And not any prayers to it, nor singin'?"

Alee groaned and started to cry at the shocking thought, then fell to sucking her bottle again. Papa Thorndike heard her, and held his breath to listen further.

"And we haven't put in a single thing!" burst out Stephen again, rising indignantly on his elbow. "Mamma always said we must put in somefing our own selfs—somefing we liked awf'ly—else the Lord wouldn't count it. Real nice, shiny pennies, if we put in any—just the kind we'd like to keep."

"You's got some pennies in your mousie-bank," said Alee, all at once very wide-awake, and flinging her bottle down to the foot of the bed.

"They ain't shiny!" said Stephen, gloomily.

"Why, 'Eeven Forndike, you could scour dem wiv silver poliss!"

"That's so. But you haven't anything. Yes, you have—your bottle!"

Stephen said that just to tease, but he was too late in the day for that plan to work. A half-hour before the heathen might have got the go-by, but, if the sacred truth must be told, there wasn't a drop of milk left in that bottle, and if not there, where was it? Consequently, little Aleë was not at this moment suffering the pangs of hunger. Besides, if she had been a little older, and a boy, like Stephen, she would have characterized it as "a great lark" to get up at that time of night and go down to finish packing that barrel. So, much to Stephen's surprise, she sat up promptly in bed, and answered, "All wight," in humble imitation of one of his idioms.

The four little feet pattered over the carpet, and Papa Thorndike had just time to make himself small behind the door as they went past, Aleë tugging her empty bottle by the neck, and Stephen wrapping his mousie-bank in his night-gown, and trying to keep it from rattling. Nobody heard, or seemed to. Aunt Lois was pretty deaf. The girl was engaged, and at present enjoying his company in the kitchen. Papa Thorndike had long ago started for his store. There was really no reason why they should not have a lovely time.

"I'll have to smass it!" said Stephen, after trying in vain to coax the pennies out to be scoured. He had brought a bit of silver soap along from the bathroom, where it was kept to shine up the faucets. Aleë handed him a little silver vase to "smass wiv," and the coins rolled over the floor as if glad to get out of prison. They were finally gathered up, and the midgets sat down on the hall mat to scour the consecrated pennies. At last they were done to their united satisfaction, and then they had to be wrapped, and tied, and deposited like the other bundles. The bottle was laid on last. Before it went in Aleë put it anxiously to her lips and drained one farewell drop, then solemnly reached up on tiptoe and crowned the barrel.

"Now we'll have some singing," said Stephen, remembering mother's way with barrels. "Join hands to me and march aound, and sing it weal softly like I do":

"Give, said the little stweam,
Give, O give! give, O give!"

Over and over they sang, never dreaming that two listeners were now standing in the shadows of the upper hall.

"Now we'll have speakings!" said Stephen, as master of ceremonies. "You're too little to say it, but you can say any words you do know."

"Give as you would to der Master
If you met his surtsin look!
Give as you would of your subskunce
If his hand your offling took."

Over and over they said this, too. With measured cadence and moving rhythm, and a kind of comical pathos, if one remembered how and when and where they had learned the murdered lines. At last, with a sigh of satisfaction, Stephen decided that the barrel was done and they had better go to bed. As they passed under the hall light Papa Thorndike noticed that the baby's cheeks were red with excitement, and her legs unsteady from late hours and dissipation. He managed to overturn a chair by way of warning, and then walked down the stairs and picked up both the little truants without remark, except to ask in a rather broken voice if they had been down to look at the barrel. Five minutes later they were both snugly tucked in bed, and one at least was snoring. Then he came out and smiled tearfully at Lois, who was undisguisedly sobbing.

"Well, Lois?" he said inquiringly.

"Well, Gordon!" she answered with at least six exclamation points.

"They don't seem to think much of our barrel!"

"And I thought I was getting such an awful nice one!" she returned, wiping her red nose and eyes with an air of astonished humility. "I was trying to do the way their mother did, and thought I'd hit it, but I believe, my soul, she put in the best she had, and called it doing for the Lord, and not for the Lord knows who, as I did!"

That barrel was packed over again. There were things taken out and things put in. Mr. Thorndike smiled to see some of Stephen's "turkey-bibs" among the latter, and more than one pair of "henstitches."

"Those blessed scoured pennies!" said Miss Lois when she came to them. "Catch me ever offerin' the Lord anything but the best I've got again, as long as I live!"

"Shall we put the bottle on top?" smiled the father, picking it up tenderly. "Or give it back to her?"

Miss Lois considered.

"I think she is about old enough," she answered slowly. "And she has done it herself. I think—I'd—let—her!"

When Miss Mabel Ellis called next morning there was not five, but twenty-five dollars waiting for her in bright new bank-bills, for Mr. Thorndike had found out the little mistake and rectified it. It was a sad blow to Lois when she found that foreign missions did not know what to do with barrels, but a bright idea made that all right.

"Why not sell it?" she suggested, and Miss Ellis caught at it with enthusiasm, especially when she heard the comical little story of the "bottle" and the scoured pennies.

"Of course I'll take that off," said Miss Lois. "We only left it on to show you."

"O, I beg!" said the girl, with dancing eyes. "You will see that baby's offering will bring more money than all the rest of the barrel put together!"

And it did.—*Anna Burnham, in Life and Light.*

SEVERAL WAYS OF HELPING.

Pray for the work and workers.

Take the MISSIONARY HELPER.

Get new subscribers for it.

Become a member of a local auxiliary, 25 cents a quarter; or, where there is no auxiliary, send \$1 a year to the treasurer, L. A. DeMeritte, Dover, N. H.

Keep a thank-offering box at hand and drop in the pennies for blessings.

Take one or more shares in the salary of the children's missionary, Miss Barnes, at \$4 each.

Contribute toward the salary of the foreign missionary of the state in which you live.*

Help home missions by sending contributions toward the salary of Miss M. J. Baker, teacher of domestic science at Storer College; and the Western department—Miss Lizzie Moody, traveling agent.

Become a life-member of the W. M. S. (\$20).

Support a child in Sinclair Orphanage (\$25 a year).

Zenana teacher (\$25 a year).

Be prompt in the payment of pledges.

Join the "Emergency League."

Encourage the juniors.

Give time, talent, money, and prayers as you are able.

CORRECTION.

In the report of "Blake Industrial" in January number, Morris Knowles is credited with 50 cents. It should read \$5.

MISS H. PHILLIPS writes: "Our pastor in Balasore, dear good Bro. Sachi, is a deeply spiritual, growing Christian, besides being a very effectual, eloquent preacher. He preached last Sunday on the Christian's joy; telling the high privilege of every Christian to be joyful. He said some Christians were "goose" Christians, and some "hen" Christians. The former were so covered with the oil of gladness in Jesus that trouble rolled off them like water off a goose; while the trouble soaked into the other sort and made them very uncomfortable.

* Maine, Miss Coombs; New Hampshire, Miss Butts; Vermont, Mrs. Smith; Rhode Island, Miss Hattie Phillips; young people of Rhode Island, Miss Beebe Phillips; Michigan, Dr. Mary Bachelor; Iowa, Miss Scott.

Words from Home Workers.

IOWA.—In connection with the Black Hawk and Buchanan Q. M. held at Fairbank, Dec. 4-6, the W. M. S. held their regular meeting on Saturday evening, with the president, Mrs. M. J. Ward, in the chair. The first on the program was scripture reading by the president, from Rom. 10: 1-17, also the 67th Psalm, followed by prayer, recitation, dialogues, select readings, and songs, all of which were good. The last on the program was the collection, which amounted to \$8. The same officers remain for another year. Following is a yearly report of this Q. M. W. M. S. Amount collected at Q. M. \$19.65, Fairbank auxiliary \$3.50, Bryantburgh auxiliary \$16.58, Dunkerton church \$3.60, Dunkerton Sunday-school \$6, Fairbank Christian Endeavor \$3, Fairbank mission band \$0.56, separate individuals \$7.

MRS. M. R. STOREY, *Sec. and Treas.*

THE LOCAL AUXILIARY.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Woman's Missionary Society of the First Free Baptist church of Laconia was reorganized Dec. 16, 1896. Young officers were elected. We have had two meetings. At our last meeting (Jan. 6) twelve members were present. A letter of encouragement and congratulation from Miss DeMeritte was read. There seems to be a growing interest, and it is hoped it will continue to grow. The meetings are held the first Wednesday in each month.

MRS. F. CARLETON MERRILL, *Sec.*

MAINE.—At a business meeting of the Dover and Foxcroft auxiliary held Nov. 28, for the purpose of electing officers, it was voted to meet with Mrs. Mary R. Wade the second Saturday in each month to carry out programs to be prepared by a special committee, with exception of two public meetings to be held at the church in the evening. The first of these public meetings is to be an address on "The Last Command," by Miss DeMeritte. Among other committees, one to solicit membership was appointed. The second regular auxiliary meeting was of especial interest, and was conducted by our president, Mrs. Emerson. The subject was, "Children's Work." Miss DeMeritte spoke of the relation of the W. M. S. to this work and its various phases, workers, and missionaries. Mrs. Whitcomb gave a sketch of "The Children's Missionary." Mrs. Folsom, superintendent of local junior work, read a paper on what our own juniors are doing, which was full of encouragement. The prayers were for our little helpers and all who are guiding them. The meeting was so inspiring to us, we hope that others will study the children's work. The secretary is

MRS. MARY J. DOORE.

IN MEMORIAM.

WE sadly announce the death of Sister C. H. Austin at her beautiful home in Batavia, Mich., on Sunday, Oct. 25, 1896, after a lingering illness of several months. Mrs. Austin was an active and conscientious member of the Batavia F. B. church, for the past fourteen years, having with her husband united when the organization was yet in its infancy. She was greatly beloved by an unusually extended acquaintance, and her sorrowing husband, two married daughters, and other relatives are the recipients of a wide-spread sympathy. At a regular meeting of the Batavia auxiliary, appropriate and loving resolutions were passed on the death of this faithful leader and Christian co-laborer. Mrs. E. M. Jordan read a sketch of her life and service as connected with the W. M. S., and one of Mrs. Austin's favorite hymns was sung.

"The gospel of a life like this
Is more than books or scrolls."

COM.

 AMONG OUR BOOKS.

"Book love is the good angel that keeps watch by the poor man's hearth."

"A Very Seasonable Kalendar for the Year of Our Lord 1897; Designed to be Used by Ye Manie Lovers of Ye Great Poet, Master William Shakespeare." Compiled and published by Louella C. Poole and Andrea Jonsson; with twelve new and original drawings by Marie Danforth Page. Printed in two colors, on heavy linen paper; 14 pp., size 10 x 12 inches, tied with red silk cord; stiff paper cover; boxed. Price, 75 cts.; sent, postpaid, 80 cts. Boston, 457 Shawmut Ave.

This "Shakespeare Kalendar" first attracts by its quaint covers, but within them, from prologue to epilogue, we find continuous evidence of loving study, delicate appreciation, and careful selection and arrangement of Shakespearian quotations, which make the Kalendar of significant value as a compilation, without regard to or limitation of "times and seasons." These are accompanied by illustrations which suit the text as "action" should suit the "word." The quotation for Sunday throughout the year is especially adapted to the day, opening with, "God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet." (2 Hen. VI.). It is not only a pleasure to possess such an artistic production, but also to recommend it to all literary workers and lovers of Shakespeare.

If Jesus Came to Boston, by Edward Everett Hale. Boston, Lamson, Wolfe & Co. 45 pp. Cloth, 50 cts.

It is neither pleasant nor just to look wholly upon the dark side of life; if possibly, the world is growing worse, it is surely growing better, paradoxical as he statement sounds. Mr. Stead's book, "If Christ Came to Chicago," caused

much comment and alarm, but it recalled, by contrast to thoughtful readers, the vast amount of successful philanthropic and rescue work being done in the large cities, as well as the widely radiating spirit of helpful brotherhood unknown in earlier days. The latter idea is voiced in the optimistic little story, "If Jesus Came to Boston." The author by no means ignores the terrible want, misery, and sin of the city, but he proves what is actually being done to-day to relieve and overcome it. Told in Dr. Hale's graceful fashion, in the form of a plausible story, with a touch of mystery, it makes a piquant and suggestive hour's reading. Printed in large type on heavy paper, with neat binding.

Chapters from a Life, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. With portrait and other illustrations. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin, and Company. 278 pp., 12mo, \$1.50.

Autobiography is foreordained to be fascinating! And when the subject is not only the writer of some of the best literature of the time, but has had life-long association with authors whom we love to honor, the absorbing interest of the book is assured. In "Chapters from a Life" Mrs. Phelps-Ward talks in a familiar fashion of her book-loving heritage, of her girlhood in the shadow of Andover Theological Seminary—with all that implies of moral atmosphere—of the writing of "Gates Ajar" and other volumes, and of her later life, with delightful reminiscences of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, James T. Field, Phillips Brooks, Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom, Mrs. Childs, and others. So familiar are the introductions, in some cases, that we feel more nearly akin and more fully at home than ever before with poets, publisher, story writers, and clergyman, whose names are already household words. The book is freely illustrated with portraits and pictures of homes and places. That it is published by Houghton, Mifflin, and Company is sufficient guarantee of its material excellence.

Books Received for further notice: "The World Beautiful" (second series), by Lilian Whiting, Roberts Brothers; "Knights of the Labarum," by Harlan P. Beach; "My Missionary Apprenticeship," by Dr. Thoburn, and "By Canoe and Dog Train," by Rev. E. R. Young, Hunt and Eaton, Publishers; "Free Baptist Faith," Morning Star Publishing House; Christian Endeavor pamphlets, etc.

THE soul that trifles and toys with self-sacrifice never can get its true joy and power. Only the soul that, with an overwhelming impulse and a perfect trust, gives itself up forever to the life of other men, finds the delight and peace which such complete self-surrender has to give.—*Phillips Brooks*.

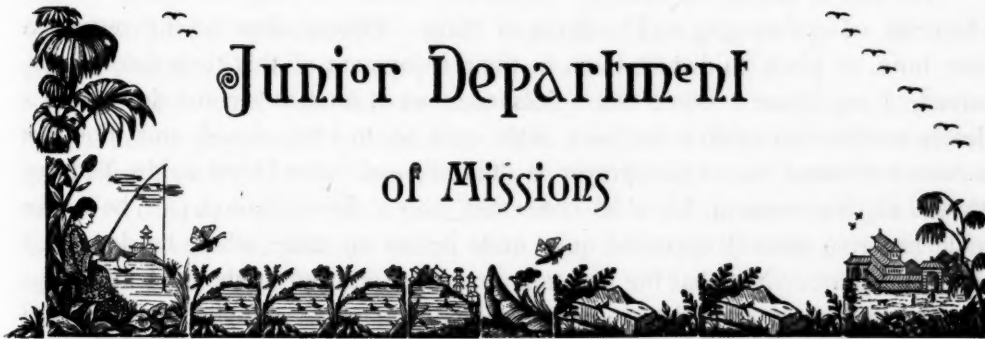
INFLUENCE OF BOOKS.

A PURITAN divine, named Sibbs, wrote a booklet called "The Bruised Reed." A copy of this was given by a humble layman to a little boy, at whose father's house he had been entertained over night. The boy was Baxter, and the book was the means of his conversion. Baxter wrote his "Call to the Unconverted," and among the multitudes led to Christ by it was Philip Doddridge. Doddridge wrote the "Rise and Progress of Religion of the Soul," and "the time would fail us to tell" its blessed influence. By it Wilberforce was converted, and about his life and labors volumes could be written. Wilberforce wrote his "Practical View of Christianity," and this led not only Dr. Chalmers into the truth, but Legh Richmond to Christ. Richmond wrote "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been published in a hundred languages, and over 5,000,000 copies have been sold. Carey's compassion for benighted men was awakened by reading Cook's "Voyage around the World." Buchanan's "Star of the East" led Judson to be a missionary, and untold has been the influence of the apostle of Burmah in heathen lands, and at home. Some one has said, "The debt of literature of Christ is that of vegetation to light," and so we may say that all helpful and religious books derive their potency from the Book of books, the Holy Bible, which is able to make us wise unto salvation.—*Rev. John Gordon.*

THE BLESSING OF SORROW.

THE beatitude of Christ shows that the blessing of sorrow lies in the comfort. A large portion of the Bible is comfort, which can become ours only through sorrow. We can say, "Blessed is night, for it reveals to us the stars." In the same way we can say, "Blessed is sorrow, for it reveals God's comfort." We are sure at least that every sorrow that comes brings to us a gift from God, a blessing which may be ours if we will accept it. Sorrow should always be treated hospitably and reverently, as a messenger from heaven. It comes not as enemy, but as friend. We may reject it, just as we may reject any other messenger from God, and miss the blessing. But if we welcome it in Christ's name, it will leave in heart and home a gift of love.

Clouds gather in the sky with ominous threatening; but they pass, and leave their rich treasure of rain. Then the flowers are more fragrant, the grass is greener, and all living things are lovelier. Sorrow comes. There is agony in the heart. There is crape on the door. There is a new grave in God's acre. But all hearts are softer. Love is tenderer. Prayers are more fervent. There is more of heaven in the household life. The cloud has left its treasures of rain. "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."—*Sunday School Times.*



Junior Department of Missions

WAITING.

DARK millions on the other side
Wait for the children's story;
The Bibles earned by little hands
Will bring them harvest glory.

O boys and girls, work on, work on!
Into the Father's keeping
Give all your best and richest store
Until the time of reaping.

—Selected.

CHILDREN'S SERVICE, SANTIPORE, INDIA, SUNDAY A. M.

THE bell has rung and here they come by twos and threes, yes, and "sixes and sevens," for some of the busy mammas have forgotten to wash the school frock, and it comes with the week's accumulation of soiling. If buttons would only stand by like dirt! but they don't and never will; as a consequence, here and there a wriggling brownie punctuates each line of the hymn by a jerk and twitch at her own garment, thus managing to keep largely inside of it till the service closes.

Here is Sassi, a seven-year-old elder sister, with her numerous flock, which she marshals in motherly fashion. The youngest, a nursing babe, carried astride her hip, is clad in the spare end of her *sardie*.

It makes a lovely quiet morning for mamma at home. But O, the Sunday-school teacher! Here comes Bhakta with a yell of delight which sets at naught all rules of Sunday-school as he makes for my chair. Bless your clean face, you well-mothered little one! Shall I tell you what he is made of? "Sugar and spice and all things nice, that's what little Bhakta is made of." I wish I could give him a kiss this moment without arousing the jealousy of the less favored.

A stroke of the call-bell together with various admonitions and entreaties secures comparative quiet, and the company seats itself cross-legged in rows on the smooth concrete floor, the rows following lines ruled with tar, by which the floor is checked off into yard squares for convenience in our school exercise songs. Not much mission money—as you see—is expended in seating our schoolhouse.

The first hymn, to the tune of "Hold the Fort," is sung with spirit, for it is a favorite. Do they sing well? Some of them. Others allow no differences in time, tune, or pitch to disturb them in their enjoyment of this their favorite, or, indeed, of any hymn. When this is finished, rows of foreheads come down with a clearly audible tap against the floor, little eyes try to keep closed, and thoughts to take a reverent turn while prayer is offered; and indeed they might, had not Bhakta at this moment, his shirt converted into a flower basket (for how else could he bring them?) appeared quite nude before my table, where he deposited his floral tribute. Not that the children are either amused or shocked at his appearance, simply interested to see what will happen next. Having extinguished him in a fold of my skirt, we go on without farther interruption to the reverent "amen."

The children have been with much interest following the fortunes of Joseph. The lesson for the morning is that final beautiful scene of forgiveness. Not even this quiets all, yet the more thoughtful sit with eyes fixed on the story teller, who could not ask a more inspiring audience. The mobile features rapidly change expression in hatred of the elder brothers' cruelty or admiration for Joseph's forgetfulness and generosity. How one longs for a native's tongue to make these scenes as real and lifelike as they deserve! The long-drawn breath of satisfaction as the story ends is our applause, and the company divides into classes to learn the golden text from their teachers. "Forbearing one another and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." Blessed be stories, and thrice blessed these sweet Bible stories hallowed by memories of the long quiet evenings, the group of brothers and sisters about mother's knee, always calling for more.

Thank God the heart is the same in all lands and all ages. These godly lives lived centuries ago in Egypt and Canaan, those lives whose hallowed influence have been the inspiration of our own childhood, are to-day drawing thousands of young hearts in China, Japan, Africa, and India under their sway. Our Sunday morning group is but a little band, but it is learning to march under the true Captain on the way to join the multitude which no man can number.

HELEN M. PHILLIPS.

A LITTLE boy was coming home with his mother from church when he heard her saying that the sermon was not worth much. The little boy immediately turned round and said, "O mother, what could you expect for a halfpenny?"

THE word 'discouragement' is not found in the dictionary of the kingdom of heaven.—*Melinda Rankin.*

LETTER FROM A LITTLE NATIVE GIRL.

THE girls of the Santipore C. E. send their loving greetings to the C. E. girls in America.

We want to tell you that we have a very nice clean schoolhouse here, and have a pretty playground around it. When the leaves fall we sweep them up. The village green is very beautiful. There are banyans and many other trees here. We have a good Sabbath-school, and the children are very glad of the large Sunday-school pictures which were sent out from America; when you receive this letter you will be pleased to know this. The trees on our playground were set out years ago by Miss Phillips's parents.

With love to all,

ODYA CURTIS, *Member of Santipore C. E.*

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL CAN DO.

PAW PAW, MICH., Jan. 5, 1897.

WITHIN the bounds of our Q. M. we have a little church, called the Clyde church, which has had to struggle to live, but has a unique Woman's Missionary Society. It consists of one little girl, twelve or thirteen years old, the adopted daughter of a highly respected colored family. Several years ago, when there at a Q. M., I was requested to tell them, in just the plainest way, about our W. M. S., its work, plan, and need. I had not the heart to urge them to give much, but several came and put a little money in my hand for the mission work, and this *one little girl*—then about seven years old, with one crippled arm—believed that she could be a helper and systematic giver. So every year she has sent me her offering. Isn't this a growing society and a prosperous one? You can see that she has to be president and secretary and treasurer, and after I reported this famous little society at our Q. M. held in Paw Paw, it was voted that she add to her other duties that of agent for the MISSIONARY HELPER!

Yours kindly,

[MRS.] ANNA BARTON.

[We will all heartily welcome this dear little "society" and new HELPER agent.—EDITOR.]

"Do you suppose," said Johnnie, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much." Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted baby from his crib.

"Do you think," said Winnie, "mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of baby first 'cause he's the littlest. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."

And God's Word tells that even though a mother may forget her child (and some mothers have been known to forget), yet will he not forget us.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord loveth them that fear him."

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for December, 1896.

<i>Maine.</i>			
Acton and Milton Mills W M S	\$5.51	Christmas gift 1-2 H 1-2 F M	2.00
Augusta Aux for Miss Coombs's sal	5.00	Chelsea Abbie V Winkley F M	1.00
Dover and Foxcroft Ch Mrs M J Robbins T O	.55	Lowell Chelmsford St Aux for Sumattl	6.25
E Corinth Mrs H Gregory	2.00	Lowell Chelmsford St Aux for Ramoni	6.25
E Livermore F B W M S	8.61	Lowell Chelmsford St Aux for Saytl	5.00
E Livermore F B W M S Floral Club	10.00	Lowell Mt Vernon Ch Aux for zenana teacher	6.25
E Livermore A gift (\$13 00 on L M of Mrs Sarah T Whittemore)	3.00	Lynn W M for native teacher	6.25
E Parsonsfield Mrs P B Allen for Callie Weeks in S O	1.00	<i>Rhode Island.</i>	
Edgecomb Q M Q M col for Miss Barnes's sal	2.25	F B Y P Union on Beebee Phillips's sal	106.00
Ellsworth Q M for "Carrie"	6.25	<i>New York.</i>	
Farmington Q M Aux for Elizabeth in S O	10.00	Norwich Mrs A M Pendleton as member of Emergency League	10.00
Greene Aux for Miss Coombs	3.00	<i>Pennsylvania.</i>	
Limerick Aux on L M of Gen Soc Mrs M A Johnston	3.20	Owego Q M W M S for Ellie in S O	25.00
Otisfield Q M for F M	4 60	<i>West Virginia.</i>	
Roxbury Mrs D A Gammon Christmas gift	2.00	Harper's Ferry E E Osgood	3.00
So Limington Aux for Callie Weeks on L M of Gen Soc of Mrs J M Hopkinson	7.00	<i>Michigan.</i>	
So Parsonsfield A friend Christmas gift	2.00	Kinderhook Ch of Branch Q M W M S	5.00
Springfield Q M Aux	3.50	<i>Wisconsin.</i>	
Wells Branch F B Ch for F M	16.00	Waupun Jun Endeavor Soc for Miss Barnes	2.00
West Hollis Aux F M	5.00	<i>Minnesota.</i>	
<i>New Hampshire.</i>		Alton W M S 1-2 H 1-2 F M	10.00
Charmingfare Augusta Y S Litts for Child in S O	25.50	Elmore W M S F M	2.00
Dover Washington St S S	1.92	Verona W M S F M	7.00
Dover Washington St Hill H and F M S for Julia Litt	12.50	<i>Iowa.</i>	
Epsom F B Ch	4.25	Aurora Aux	4.00
Gonic A F C E for Alma Seavey in S O	6.25	Blackhawk and Buchanan Q M Aux	8.25
Hampton F B W M A for Miss Butts	10.00	Cedar Valley Q M Aux	5.51
Hampton F B W M A for Gen Work	3.00	Fairbank Aux	2.62
Meredith Village Ch	2.00	Lamont Aux	2.00
Northwood Ridge	5.00	Lincoln Aux	2.88
Pittsfield F B Y P M S for School in India	13.00	Little Cedar Aux	2.87
So Berwick Aux in addition to credit of Sept	1 00	Little Sioux Valley Q M Aux	2.80
W Lebanon Aux Int on Mary A Dearborn Fund to Jan 1 1897 for F M	16.67	Waterloo Aux	.50
<i>Vermont.</i>		Wilton A friend	3.00
No Danville T O for Harper's Ferry	1.00	Wilton A friend Christmas offering	2.00
W Charleston F B Ch for Miss Smith's sal	3.20	<i>Kansas.</i>	
<i>Massachusetts.</i>		Cloud & Republic Q M	1.84
Amesbury W M S for Widow's Home	5.00	<i>South Dakota.</i>	
Cambridgeport Mrs C S H and F M	1.00	Sioux Falls Aux for Sull in S O	6.60
Charlestown Miss Abby T Phinney		<i>Miscellaneous.</i>	
		S S Woodstock for Miss Barnes	.75
		Myra Wilson for Miss Barnes	.50
		Total	\$459.78
		LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.	
		Dover, N. H.	
		per EDYTH R. PORTER, Asst. Treas.	

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I GIVE and bequeath the sum of ——— to the Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the state of Maine.